THE SHAKESPEARE
HEAD PRESS
BOOKLETS
NO. V

MORE ANCIENT CAROLS

STRATFORD-ON-AVON
1906

The Shakespeare Head Press Booklets

Price Sixpence net each.

No. 1. *Ancient Carols.*
No. 2. *Festive Songs for Christmas.*
No. 3. *Shakespeare's Songs.*
No. 4. *The Nutbrown Maid.*
No. 5. *More Ancient Carols.*

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

BOOKLETS NO. V

More Ancient Carols

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, 1906

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

https://archive.org/details/moreancientcarol00unse

821.08
M813

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALL BELLS IN PARADISE	5
THE BITTER WITHY	7
THIS ENDRIS NIGHT	9
SONG TO MARY	12
DIVES AND LAZARUS	13
THERE IS A FLOWER	17
THE SEVEN VIRGINS	20
THIS BABE TO US NOW IS BORN	23
IN PRAISE OF THE VIRGIN	25
I SAW THREE SHIPS	27
GOOD DAY, SIRE CRISTEMAS	29

NOTE

This booklet, like the former, consists of carols either traditional and in modern spelling, or from manuscripts of the fifteenth century, the spelling of which has been slightly altered. The first carol, indeed, exists in both forms (see *Notes & Queries*, 10th Series, iv, p. 181). The second carol has not been printed before, except in the same periodical. It was taken down in Herefordshire in 1888; and though it begins much in the style of "The Holy Well," is a different legend. If any reader of this little book knows another version of either carol, or can supply any further information, it would be gratefully received at the Shakespeare Head Press. "I saw three Ships," "Dives and Lazarus," and "The Seven Virgins" are all well-known traditional carols, which exist in many versions. Here they are printed from "Joshua Sylvester's" Christmas Carols (1861).

MORE ANCIENT CAROLS

ALL BELLS IN PARADISE

Over yonder 's a park which is newly begun,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which is silver on the outside, and gold within.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

And in that park there stands a hall,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which is covered all over with purple and pall.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

And in that hall there stands a bed,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which is hung all round with curtains so red.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

And in that bed there lies a knight,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Whose wounds they do bleed by day and by night.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

At that bed side there lies a stone,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which is our blessed Virgin Mary then kneeling on.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

At that bed's foot there lies a hound,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which is licking the blood as it daily runs down.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

At that bed's head there grows a thorn,
All bells in Paradise I heard them a-ring:
Which was never so blossomed since Christ was born.
And I love sweet Jesus above all things.

As it fell out on a Holy day,
The drops of rain did fall, did fall,
Our Saviour asked leave of His mother Mary
If He might go play at ball.

"To play at ball, my own dear Son,
It's time You was going or gone,
But be sure let me hear no complaint of You
At night when You do come home."

It was upling scorn and downling scorn,
Oh, there He met three jolly jerdins,
Oh, there He asked the three jolly jerdins
If they would go play at ball.

"Oh, we are lords' and ladies' sons,
Born in bower or in hall,
And You are but some poor maid's child
Born'd in an ox's stall."

"If you are lords' and ladies' sons,
Born'd in bower or in hall,
Then at the very last I'll make it appear
That I am above you all."

Our Saviour built a bridge with the beams
of the sun,
And over He gone, He gone He,
And after followed the three jolly jerdins,
And drownded they were all three.

It was upling scorn and downling scorn,
The mothers of them did whoop and call,
Crying out, "Mary mild, call home your
Child,
For ours are drownded all."

Mary mild, Mary mild, called home her
Child,
And laid our Saviour across her knee,
And with a whole handful of bitter withy
She gave Him slashes three.

Then He says to His Mother, "Oh! the
withy, oh! the withy,
The bitter withy that causes me to smart,
to smart,
Oh! the withy, it shall be the very first tree
That perishes at the heart."

THIS ENDRIS NIGHT

This endris night I saw a sight
A star as bright as day;
And ever among a maiden song,
"Lullay, by by, lullay."

This lovely lady sat and song,
And to her child did say,
"My son, my broder, my fader dere,
Why lyest thou thus in hay?
My swete bryd, thus it is betyd,
Though thou be king veray;
But nevertheles I will not cese
To sing, by by, lullay."

The child then spak in his talking,
And to his moder said,
"I bekidde am hevenes king
In cribbe thogh I be laid;
For angels bright done to me light,
Thou knowest it is no nay;
And of that sight thou mayst be light
To sing, by by, lullay."

endris, last. *bekidde*, proclaimed.

"Now swete son, sin thou art king,
Why art thou laid in stall?
Why ne thou ordende thy bedding
In some great kinges hall?
Me thinketh it is right, that king or knight
Should lie in good array;
And then among it were no wrong
To sing, by by, lullay."

"Mary moder, I am thy child,
Though I be laid in stall;
Lordes and dukes shall worship me
And so shall kinges all.
Ye shall well see that kinges three
Shall come the twelfthe day;
For this behest give me thy brest,
And sing, by by, lullay."

"Now tell me, swete son, I thee pray,
Thou art me leve and dere,
How should I keep thee to thy pay
And make thee glad of chere?

pay, liking.

For all thy will I wold fulfill,
Thou wetest full well in fay,
And for all this I will thee kiss,
And sing, by by, lullay."

"My dere moder, when time it be,
Thou take me up on loft,
And set me upon thy knee,
And handell me full soft;
And in thy arme thou hill me warme,
And kepe night and day;
If that I wepe, and may not slepe,
Thou sing, by by, lullay."

"Now swete son, sin it is so,
That all thing is at thy wyll,
I pray thee grante me a boon,
If it be both right and skill,
That child or man that will or can
Be mery upon my day,
To bliss them bring, and I shall sing
Lullay, by by, lullay."

hill, protect. *skill*, reason.

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY

Ave maris stella,
The star on the see,
Dei mater alma,
Blessed mot she be!
Atque semper virgo,
Pray thy son for me,
Felix celi porta,
That I may come to thee.
Gabriel, that archangel,
He was massanger;
So faire he gret our Lady,
With an *Ave* so cler.
"Heyl be thou, Mary,
Be thou, Mary,
Full of Godes grace,
And quene of mercy!"
All that arn to grete
Withouten dedly sinne,
Forty dayes of pardoun
God graunteth him.

As it fell out upon a day,
  Rich Dives he made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
  And gentry of the best.

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
  And down at Dives' door,
"Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
  Bestow upon the poor."

"Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
  That lies begging at my door,
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
  Nor bestow upon the poor."

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
  And down at Dives' wall,
"Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
  Or with hunger starve I shall."

"Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall,
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
But with hunger starve you shall."

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' gate,
"Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake."

"Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate,
No meat nor drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

Then Dives sent out his merry men
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had no power to strike a stroke,
But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,
To bite him as he lay,
They had no power to bite at all,
But licked his sores away.

As it fell out upon a day,
Poor Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels out of heaven,
His soul therein to guide.

"Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And go along with me,
For you've a place prepared in heaven,
To sit on an angel's knee."

As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.

"Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And go with us to see,
A dismal place prepared in hell,
From which thou canst not flee."

Then Dives looked up with his eyes,
And saw poor Lazarus blest,
"Give me one drop of water, brother Lazarus,
To quench my flaming thirst.

"Oh! had I as many years to abide,
As there are blades of grass,
Then there would be an end, but now
Hell's pains will ne'er be past.

"Oh! was I now but alive again,
The space of one half hour,
Oh! that I had my peace secure,
Then the devil should have no power."

THERE IS A FLOWER

There is a flower sprong of a tree,
The rote of it is called Jesse,
A flower of price,
There is none such in Paradise!

The flower is fresh, and fair the hewe,
It fades never, but ever is newe;
The blessed stock that it on grewe,
It was Mary that bare Jesu.
A flower of grace,
Of all floweres it is solace!

The sede of it was Goddes sonde,
That God himself sew with his honde
In Nazareth, that holy londe,
And a maiden it fonde.
A blessed flower,
It springes never but in Mary bower!

sonde, sending.

On knees Gabriel that maiden gret;
The Holy Ghost with her he mett;
Between them two that flower was sett,
And kept it is, for it was dett,
And kinges lede
To Bedlem, there it began to sprede.

When that flower began to sprede,
And his blossomes for to brede,
Rich and poor of every lede
Marvelled how that rose might spede,
Till on a day
Herdmen came that flower to assay.

Angels came out of their tower
To look upon that fayer flower;
Holy it was in his colour
And holy it was in his ardour,
To behold
How such a flower might spring in mold.

gret, greeted. *there*, where.
lede, tongue, speech.

Of lilly white and rose of rise,
Of primrose and of flower-de-lyce,
Of all floweres in my device
The flower of Jesse bereth the price,
For most of all
To help our souls both grete and small.

I praise the flower of good Jesse,
Of all the floweres that ever shall be.
Uphold the flower of good Jesse,
And worship it for his beute,
For best of all
That ever was or ever be shall.

rise, twig, branch.

All under the leaves, and the leaves of life,
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of heaven.

"O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life,
Come tell, come tell, what seek you,
All under the leaves of life?"

"We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine,
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our guide and thine."

"Go down, go down to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ,
Nailed to a big yew tree."

So down they went to yonder town,
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

"O peace, mother, O peace, mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve,
I must suffer this," he said,
"For Adam and for Eve."

"O mother, take you John Evangelist,
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done."

"O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me,
But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee."

Then he laid his head on his right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck him nigh,—
"The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, mother dear, I die."

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green,
God give us grace, in every place,
To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all
Our prayers they should be strong,
Amen, good Lord; your Charity
Is the ending of my song.

THIS BABE TO US NOW IS BORN

Now sing we right as it is,
Quod puer natus est nobis.

This babe to us now is born,
  Wonderful workes he hath wrought,
He would not lesse that was forlorn,
  But again he hath us bought.
    And thus it is,
    Forsoth iwis,
  He asketh no thing but that is his.

A duleful death to him was ment,
  When on the rode his body was spred;
And as a theff he was there hent,
  And on a spear his liff was led.
    And thus it is,
    Forsoth iwis,
  He asketh no thing but that is his.

lesse, lose. *duleful*, painful.

"Man, why art thou unkind to me?
What woldest thou I did for thee more?
Geve me thy trew hart, I pray thee;
If thou be dampned, it ruth me sore."
And thus it is,
Forsoth iwis,
He asketh no thing but that is his.

"Man, I love thee; whom lovest thou?
I pray thee torn to me again,
And thou shalt be as welcom now
As he that never in sin was seyn."
And thus it is,
Forsoth iwis,
He asketh no thing but that is his.

A, a, a, a,
Nunc gaudet Maria.

Mary is a lady bright;
She hath a son of meche might;
Over all this world she is light,
Bona natalicia.

Mary is so fair and sote,
And her son so full of pote;
Over all this world he is bote,
Bona voluntaria.

Mary is so fair of face,
And her son so full of grace;
In hevene he make us a place,
Cum sua potencia.

meche, much. *sote*, sweet.
pote, power. *bote*, profit.

Mary is bothe good and kinde;
Ever on us she hath minde,
That the fend shall us not shende,
Cum sua malicia.

Mary is quene of alle thinge,
And her son a lovely kinge.
God graunt us alle good endinge!
Regnat dei gracia.

shende, ruin.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And who was in those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
Our Saviour Christ and his ladye,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on Earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

GOOD DAY, SIRE CRISTEMAS

Good day, good day,
My lord sire Cristemas, good day!

Good day, sire Cristemas our kinge,
For every man bothe olde and yinge
Is glad and blithe of youre cominge;
Good day!

Goddes son so muche of might,
From heven to earthe doun is light,
And borne is of a maide so bright;
Good day!

Heven and erthe and also helle,
And alle that ever in them dwelle,
Of youre cominge they beth ful snelle;
Good day!

snelle, quick, active.

Of youre cominge this clerkes finde:
Ye come to save all man kinde,
And of here bales hem unbinde;
Good day!

All maner of merthes we wol make,
And solas to oure hertes take,
My semely lorde, for youre sake;
Good day!

bales, troubles.

EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS: Amorous, Divine, Moral, and Trivial. Chosen by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick.

This volume will consist of an anthology of English Lyrics from 1225 to 1550. Though poets such as Chaucer, Lydgate, and the court of Henry VIII, including the King himself, will be represented in the book, the greater number of the poems are anonymous, like the carols in this Christmas Booklet; and, also like these carols, they are to be found only in a few manuscripts. They will, however, be printed in a normalized form of spelling, which, while preserving the delicacy and the quaint charm of the originals, will present little if any difficulty to readers.

Orders may be sent either to the SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS, Stratford-on-Avon, or to the Publisher, Mr. A. H. BULLEN, 47 Great Russell Street, London, W.C., or to any bookseller.

The most beautiful and most desirable of all the library editions of Shakespeare.—BOOKMAN.

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, is printing and publishing the first complete edition of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS

ever printed in his native town.

The edition consists of ten volumes super-royal octavo (ten inches by seven), the text, unencumbered by notes, being printed in a large old-face type on hand-made paper. The price is one guinea net per volume. Prospectuses will be sent on application. Vol. X will include New Essays by Mr. Robert Bridges, M. Jusserand, Prof. Alois Brandl, and others.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

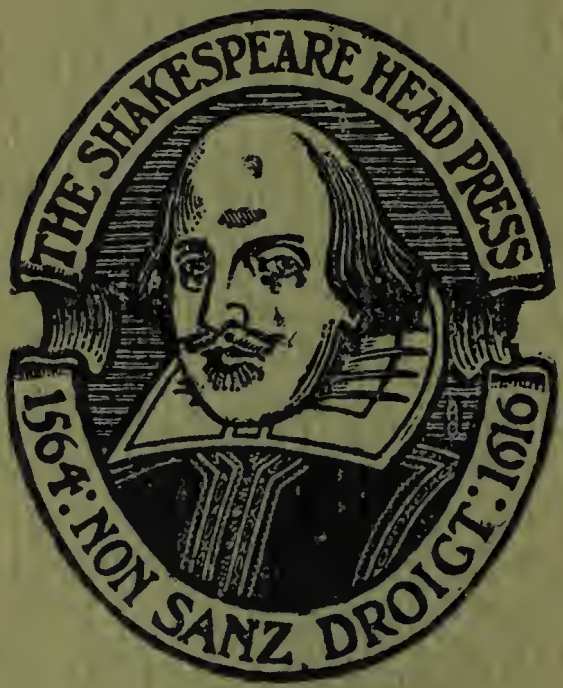
Super-royal 16mo, 510 copies on hand-made paper, 7s. 6d. net. The twelve copies printed on pure vellum have all been sold.

The daintiest conceivable edition.—NOTES & QUERIES.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Super-royal 16mo, 510 copies on hand-made paper, 3s. 6d. net. Also twelve copies on pure vellum, four of which remain for sale: price on application.

WILL · RANSOM
No. 3426 CAT. V ENT. 3
From C. Richardson
Rec'd 2/1/49 $1.77
LIBRARY · RECORD


THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
1564 NON SANZ DROICT 1616